

A simple book

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Summary: "There were dragons when I was a child..." The story has ended, but it shall not be forgotten. Within the pages of an old yet new red book lies the tale of how a boy and a dragon changed the lives of everyone around them. They may all be gone now but the story lives on. My version of how httyd could end. First quote comes from the book.

A simple book

"There were dragons when I was a child... Of course they've all gone now, from old age, injuries or some other reason, all fading into the mist of our memories. And there they shall remain, though it saddens me, as stories, legends and tales."

Sparkling but tired forest green eyes glanced down at an empty spot in the corner of the darkened room.

"Even those from the beginning have gone. The ones who we thought would stay with us forever, or at least until we could lay there, their heads in our laps, as we pass peacefully together."

Old, wrinkled fingers clenched tightly around an old blue, ragged, almost falling apart toy.

"And sometimes I wish that day never happened. That I had been Viking enough to do it, or had a terrible aim. Things would have been a lot simpler."

A single midnight black scale glistened in the light of the setting sun.

"It would have saved all this pain."

What looks like a red tail fin sits, unused, in the corner of the room. The metal is rusted and the red cloth is dull and slightly

burnt.

"But then, then I remember the good times,"

A group of young teens play around, laughing, smiling and racing each other.

"The fun times,"

They soared through the air, weaving through clouds, jumping over giant rocks, gliding through the air, side by side, as friends and equals.

"And the times that changed my life."

He gulped, looked away and blindly stretched out his hand. There he stood for a while, the dragon breathing on his hand. Then the soft yet hard scales are placed under his hand and at that moment they knew. It was not how they thought, but so very, very much different. And through that, they had created a bond, a bond that would never break.

"And I knew I did the right thing."

A chair screeched across the hard wooden floor as it was pushed out. A metal leg squeaked a from lack of use as pressure was put onto it.

_"So I leave to you, dear reader, the tales of our life together, in the hopes that you can share our, joy, pain, sorrow and happiness and keep alive the the spirits of the ones who changed our lives. For the dragons cannot die, if they live on in the tales of mankind." _

With a soft thud, he closed the book. The cover as red a the tail fin in the corner. Five simple words written across the cover in simple charcoal pencil black. With a soft smile he walked away from the writing desk and the old slightly tattered book with the simple title. With a sigh he settled down on his bed and glanced at the burnt orange sky above him through the skylight. "Charming view of the sunset indeed." He thought with a wry smile. He could almost imagine it filled with life, with dragons. With one last glance at the room around him, the room that was so full of memories, old drawing and plans stuck to the walls, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, chief of Berk, uniter of dragons and people, closed his eyes and smiled. "I'll see you soon, bud." As the whispered words passed his lips, the room became quiet.

And, on the old wooden writing dest, sat a book, a simple book, with lots a pages, a slightly tattered looking tail fin red cover and a simple title, but a book that would be treasured, no doubt, for generations.

'How to train your dragon'.

End
file.